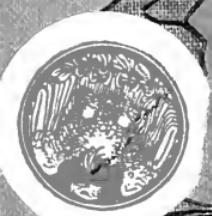


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# THE FAIRY CHAMBERING

## A FLOWER AND FAIRY PLAY

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD  
ILLUSTRATED BY FANNY Y. CORY



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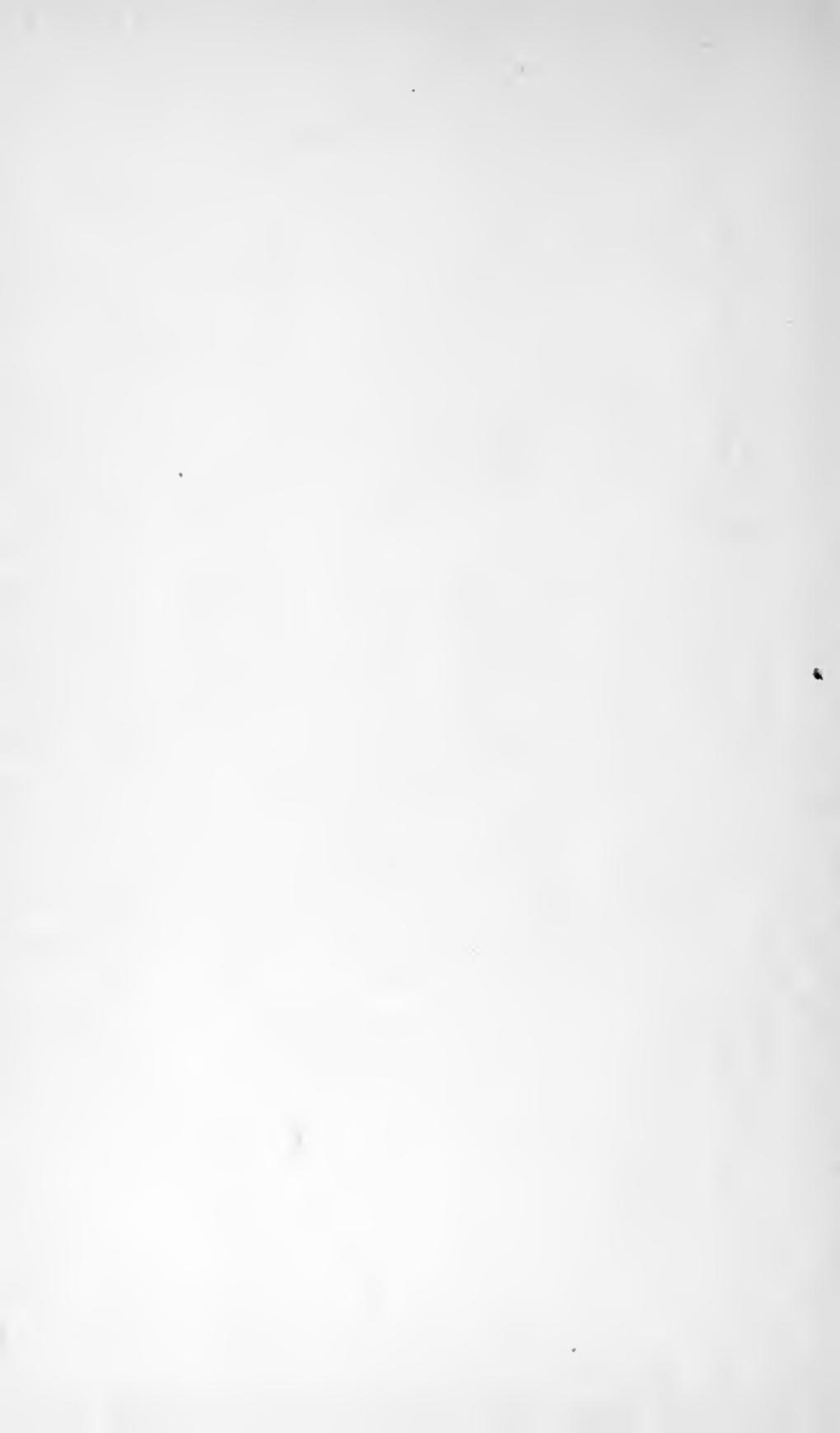
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# THE FAIRY CHANGELING









THE FAIRY-LADY

# THE FAIRY CHANGELING

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A FLOWER AND FAIRY PLAY

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HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD

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ILLUSTRATED BY  
FANNY Y. CORY



BOSTON  
RICHARD G. BADGER  
THE GORHAM PRESS  
1911

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## DRAMATIS PERSONAE

LITTLE JO.

THE ROSE-sprite.

THE NIGHT-MOTH.

BEES'-WINGS.

WHITE OWLET.

FLITTER-FLUTTER.

THE DAY-DREAM.

HONOUR, THE MAID.

THE LITTLE MEN IN GREEN (three).

THE MAIDENS OF THE MIST (three or more).

THE LOST TOYS (three).

THE BROKEN DOLLS (three).

THE FAIRY-LADY.

## FAIRIES

JACK-O'-LANTERN.  
COCKSCOMB.  
MONK'S-HOOD.  
WAKE-ROBIN.  
MARIGOLD.  
PRINCE'S-FEATHER.  
QUAKER-LADIES.  
MOURNING-BRIDE.  
SNAPDRAGON.  
SWEET-WILLIAM.  
SWEET-PEAS.  
LITTLE MIGNONETTE.  
THE LADY HERALD.

THE VOICE OF CHANTICLEER.

---

PLACE. A garden terrace.  
TIME. Between sunset and twilight.

## STAGE DIRECTIONS

**MUSIC.** Cornet and clarinet. If a piano, then an accompanist who can modulate from one key to another for the various songs and choruses. The clarinet will always support the solo.

**COLORED LIGHTS.** Toward the last. Pale rose for the dances; pale blue for the FAIRY LADY's apparition.

**DRESSES.** Cheese-cloth, tarlatan, and other inexpensive material, arranged according to the part. The LITTLE MEN IN GREEN entirely in green, with pointed caps, and spears representing grass. The MAIDENS OF THE MIST wrapped in white tarlatan, a long piece loosely folding one and passing to the next, folding her and passing to the other. If there are but few to take parts, those who have already appeared may represent the MAIDENS OF THE MIST by winding the long piece of white tarlatan round their other costumes, and afterward hanging it on bushes in the background. The FAIRY LADY in any dress shrouded with flowing white transparent stuff. FLITTER-FLUTTER in a long clinging primrose-colored gown, with very large wings. LITTLE MIGNONETTE with a waist looking like one bunch of mignonette, from which her head and shoulders rise. DAY-DREAM in skirts like the scarlet poppy-

## STAGE DIRECTIONS

petals, green bodice, and scarlet silk scarf to wave. The **NIGHT-MOTH** in black, thin material, the rather long skirts spangled in rows of gold and silver, stomacher all spangles, angel sleeves, long, narrow wings, black ostrich feathers over the head. The **ROSE-sprite** in very full and rather long pink skirts, cut in large scallops and unhemmed, to be lifted and held out at one side in dancing; wreath of roses round the top of the half-high green corsage; hat like the petals of a huge wild rose, on one side of the head; stockings and boots. These dresses may be varied according to individual taste. All the lesser **FAIRIES** are not indispensable. The **BROKEN DOLLS**, if unable to sing, may make jerky motions, the chorus giving the words. The **LOST TOYS** may represent a Jumping-Jack, a Ninepin, a Kite. The dancing is to be done like Queen Elizabeth's—"high and disposedly," but with abandon.

# THE FAIRY CHANGELING



COCKSCOMB



THE ROSE-SPRITE

# The Fairy Changeling

*A band of FAIRIES come dancing on the green in opposite directions, each keeping to the right after passing, thus circling in a ring, led by the NIGHT-MOTH and the ROSE-sprite, who presently withdraw inside the ring, still singing while the others dance.*

## CHORUS.

(No. 1.) Air: "We are dainty little fairies."—  
*Iolanthe*, No. 1, Act. 1. (Repeat the first part of the tune for the last verse.)

Are we flowers or fairy people, always  
springing, always singing?

When the sun forsakes the steeple, when  
the evening breezes fan,

Look across the last ray slanting, purple mist  
your eyes enchanting;

Are we flowers or fairy people? You may  
answer, if you can!

Many a night-moth flits before us; gayest  
laughter follows after;

*(Laughter behind the scenes.)*

## THE FAIRY CHANGELING

Bees belated blunder o'er us; whippoor-wills send warning cries.

When you hear our airy whistles, down that's blowing off from thistles,

(*Whistles behind the scences.*)

You may deem us, you may dream us—but the sunset 's in your eyes!

From the roses faint and heavy, softly stooping, swiftly trooping,

From the brambles in a bevy, from the blossoms, from the bells,

Whether it is pansies springing, whether it is bluebirds winging,

Or canary-bird flowers singing, is a thing white magic tells!

(*The FAIRIES are still dancing when the ROSE-sprite separates from them, comes forward, and sings.*)



THE NIGHT-MOTH



## THE FAIRY CHANGELING

### ROSE-SPRITE.

(No. 2.) Air: "She wore a rose in her hair."

—George Osgood.

All day I slept in the rose,  
And I hardly know myself—  
So sweet is the breath that blows—  
If I be flower or elf.

(*The ROSE-SPRITE whirls back among the others, and the NIGHT-MOTH steals forward, and sings to the same air.*)

### NIGHT-MOTH.

(No. 3.)

I curled in the lily's cup  
The livelong summer day,  
Till she folded her petals up,  
And I slipped like the dew away.

(*As the NIGHT-MOTH slides back, BEE'S-WINGS comes swiftly zigzagging across, pauses, and sings.*)

## THE FAIRY CHANGELING

### BEES'-WINGS.

(No. 4.) Air: "If I were king."—*Adolphe Adam.*

(Beginning at second bar, singing nine bars, omitting the next twenty-five, singing four, omitting all the rest. )

I was just a big brown bee,  
Buzzing home, hey, nonny, nonny!  
When the fairies captured me,  
Stole my sting, and kept my honey!

(*Runs off.*)

### CHORUS OF FAIRIES (*With mischievous glee.*)

He was just a bim-bome-bim,  
Buzzing home, hey, nonny, nonny!  
When the fairies captured him,  
Stole his sting, and kept his honey!

(*The dance continues, the FAIRIES swinging one another, moving in and out, and FLITTER-FLUTTER floats forward, singing.*)



BEE'S-WINGS



## THE FAIRY CHANGELING

### FLITTER-FLUTTER.

(No. 5.) Air: Trio, "Every journey has an end."  
—*Iolanthe*, No. 8, Act. II.

Flittering, fluttering out of the sky,  
Primrose-petal or butterfly,  
Flittering off on the wind I go,  
Wherever its soft breath cares to blow.

(*Floats back.*)

FAIRY CHORUS (*Blowing kisses into the air.*)

Flittering, fluttering, off she goes,  
Wherever the fragrant south wind blows.

(*The FAIRIES join hands, and run in a ring, leaving out DAY-DREAM, who sings to the same air.*)

## THE FAIRY CHANGELING

DAY-DREAM.

(No. 6.)

The splendid poppy, to make my tent,  
His scarlet silken curtains lent;  
There all day long did I drowse and sleep,  
And my dreams were soft, and my dreams  
were deep.

*(Bugle in the distance).*

FAIRY HERALD (*Running on*).

*Recitative.*

Hark! Sound retreat! Beat quick, ye fairy  
drums!

*(Trills on bass notes of instruments.)*

Haste, haste! Hush, hush! This way a mor-  
tal comes!

*(Mingles with the FAIRIES. All show  
fear, and huddle together).*

*Enter LITTLE JO, in his nightgown, waving a but-  
terfly-net, hurrying on, and stopping suddenly  
in surprise.*

## THE FAIRY CHANGELING

LITTLE Jo (*Speaks*).

Why, I was sure I saw them!

I actually thought

That if I had been down here

A butterfly I'd caught!

FAIRIES (*In chorus, softly, all stooping toward him from the background in the right*).

(No. 7.) Air: "Yet Britain won," chorus to Lord Mountararat's song.—*Iolanthe*, No. 3, Act. II. (Changed to 4 time).

Ha, ha, ha! he really thought  
That he a butterfly had caught!

(*Jo listens, startled, but resumes as if mistaken in supposing he had heard anything.*)

LITTLE Jo.

Now, could it be a fairy  
That I saw flitting by,  
As I leaned from the window—  
Or just a butterfly?

## THE FAIRY CHANGELING

FAIRIES (*In chorus, turning to one another, amused*).

(No. 8.) Air: Same as No. 7.

Ha, ha, ha! went flitting by,  
Nothing but a butterfly!

LITTLE JO.

I didn't wait to dress me,  
For I've been sent to bed.  
I hurried just like wild-fire,  
And 'most forgot my head!

FAIRIES (*In chorus, quite uproariously*.)

(No. 9.) Air: Same as No. 7.

Ha, ha, ha! Fairies, hear.  
He *quite* forgot his head, we fear!

LITTLE JO.

I wish I had some fern-seed—  
They say it never fails;  
Or the salt that catches birdies,  
If you put it on their tails.



THE DAY-DREAM



## THE FAIRY CHANGELING

FAIRIES (*In chorus, very affirmatively*).  
(No. 10). Air: Same as No. 7.

Ha, ha, ha ! it never fails  
*If you put it on their tails !*

LITTLE JO.

Perhaps I had been dreaming—  
I guess I was ; but then,  
If I should wait a moment  
They may come back again.

FAIRIES (*In chorus, more boldly*).  
(No. 11.) Air: Same as No. 7.

Ha, ha, ha ! just wait, and then  
Surely they'll come back again !

LITTLE JO.

I wonder whether fairies—  
You really don't believe,  
When Honour talks of fairies,  
That she's laughing in her sleeve ?

## THE FAIRY CHANGELING

FAIRIES (*Indignantly*).

(No. 12.) Air: Same as No. 5.

Oh, oh, oh! you don't believe  
Honour's laughing in her sleeve!

LITTLE JO (*Looking about, growing tired and vexed*).

There's no such thing as fairies!

It's all a story! So!

(*Amazed looks among the FAIRIES.*)

I wish—I am so sleepy—

(*Yawns.*)

I don't believe—I—O—o—oh!

(*Yawns again, stretches, sinks down and sleeps.*)

FAIRIES (*Crowding round*).

Oh, oh, oh, oh!

(*Tiptoeing, and singing one by one*).

(No. 13.) Air: "Down the shadowed lanes he goes."—*George Osgood*. (Beginning at "As she strayed and as she sang.")



SNAP DRAGON



## THE FAIRY CHANGELING

Isn't he a little dear?

Just the sweetest ever seen!

Let us take him for a Changeling!

Take him to the Fairy Queen!

'Tis a shame he should be mortal!

Turn him, turn him to a Fay!

Wave your charms, and weave your dances,

Sing your spells—away, away!

*(All together, in a ring, dancing round  
him and concealing him while he slips  
off his nightgown to show costume  
beneath, repeat to the same air.)*

Isn't he a little dear? Just the sweetest ever  
seen!

Let us take him for a Changeling! Take him  
to the Fairy Queen!

'Tis a shame he should be mortal! Turn him,  
turn him to a Fay!

Wave your charms, and weave your dances,  
sing your spells—away, away!

## THE FAIRY CHANGELING

(*The FAIRIES break the ring, and LITTLE JO is seen in tights, trunks, peacock wings, and antennae. He looks himself over, gazes about him, flutters his wings, looks over his shoulder at them, springs to his feet, and sings.*)

LITTLE JO.

(No. 14.) Air: "Little Bo-Peep."

*Mother Gooses's Melodies, Elliott.*

Why, there are such things as fairies!  
And if any one says there are not,  
Take the dart of a bumblebee,  
And shoot him on the spot!

(*Meanwhile the FAIRIES are mustering into ranks.*)

FAIRY CHORUS (*LITTLE JO listens to the singing with more and more pleasure*).

(No. 15.) Air: "Henceforth Strephon."

—*Iolanthe.*



MOURNING-BRIDE



## THE FAIRY CHANGELING

Where the summer reigns serene,  
Where the winds are always low,  
Spicy dells are always green,  
Into Fairyland he must go !  
Into Fairyland he must go !  
Into Fairyland, etc.

(FAIRIES withdraw to the sides, still singing.)

LITTLE JO (*Bending over and slapping his knees with delighted emphasis, sings*).

Into Fairyland I will go !

(The FAIRIES now return, coming on from opposite sides with the steps of "Dancing in the Barn," as they sing.)

FAIRY CHORUS.

(No. 16.) Air: "Dancing in the Barn," adapted.  
(The first sixteen bars.)

Who is half so happy now, half so gay, as  
we are?  
Riding on the rainbow, flashing in the  
foam,

## THE FAIRY CHANGELING

Sunbeams are our coursers, east to-day, and  
west to-morrow.

Hear our bridles jingle as we lead the fire-  
flies home!

Just a tear would drown us, just a sigh would  
slay.

We think of nothing, dream of nothing, to  
annoy.

Mortals, we believe it, are only made of  
sorrow;

We are made of perfume, of music, and  
of joy!

*(During this chorus LITTLE JO has caught sight of LITTLE MIGNONETTE, a tiny fairy, and has been following her in and out among the groups, the shrubs, and vases, followed by WHITE OWLET and BEE'S-WINGS, exclaiming, and buzzing in his face at every meeting. He pauses as he darts across the scene, as if to take breath, and sings.)*



PRINCE'S-FEATHER



## THE FAIRY CHANGELING

LITTLE JO.

(No. 17.) Same air as No. 15 (but without the refrain), "Henceforth Strephon."

If there is a flower that blows  
Sweeter than the budding rose,  
'Tis when dew is sparkling yet  
On darling Little Mignonette!

BEE'S-WINGS (*At one side.*). Buzz!

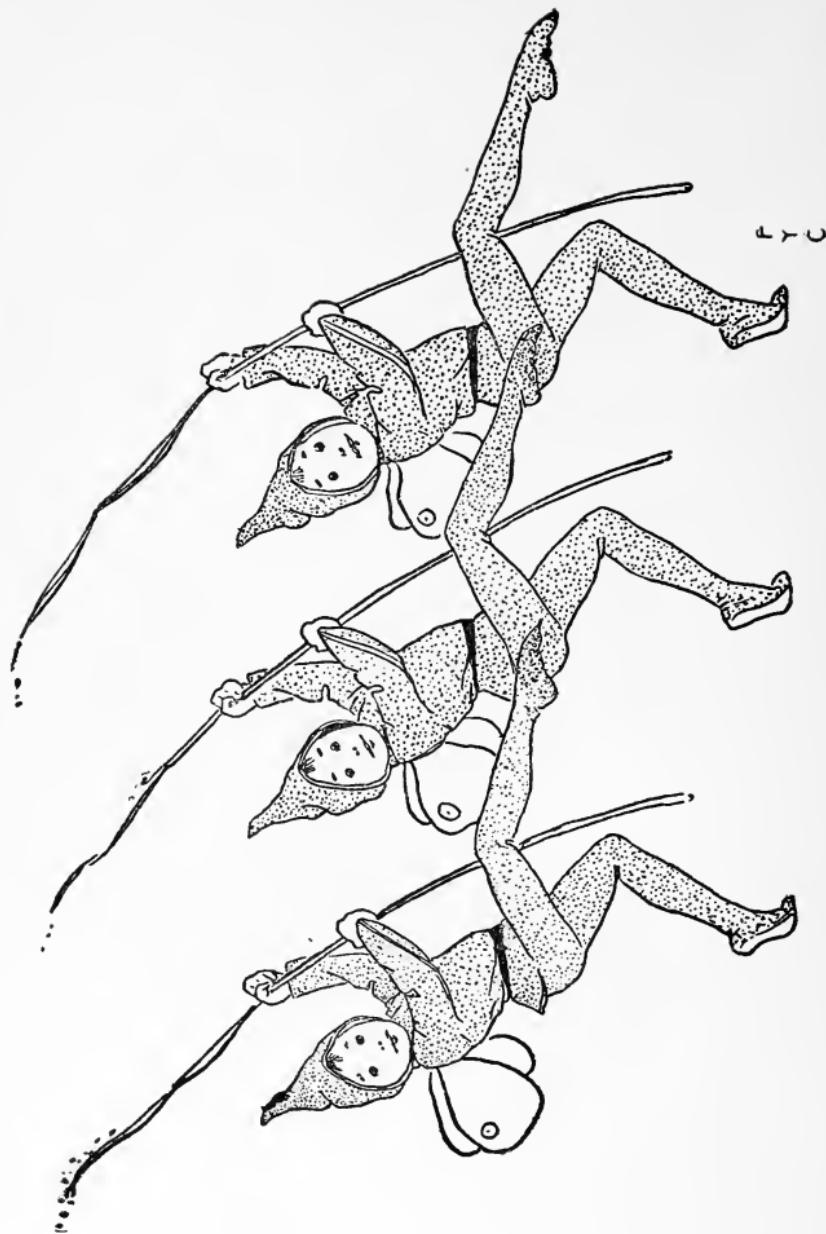
WHITE OWLET (*On the other side.*) Tu-whoo!

(LITTLE JO continues the pursuit. As he runs, the LITTLE MEN IN GREEN start up from the grass.)

THE LITTLE MAN IN GREEN.

(No. 18.) Air: "When darkly looms the day."  
(Ten bars.)

When moonlight floods the fields,  
And mighty shadow shields  
The glades and glens and wealds,  
Were you awake,



LITTLE MEN IN GREEN

THE MAIDENS OF THE MIST



## THE FAIRY CHANGELING

The Little Men in Green  
Perhaps you would have seen  
Haunting the silver sheen  
Of bog and brake.

O'er dale and dingle far  
Our hunting knows no bar,  
By defile and by scar,  
    O'er briars and thorns;  
Through midnight far and near,  
If you're awake you'll hear  
In what wild tunes and clear  
    We wind our horns.

(*MUSIC to represent horns behind the scenes.. They disappear with their horns at their mouths as the MAIDENS OF THE MIST pass slowly and sing.*)



SWEET-WILLIAM



## THE FAIRY CHANGELING

### THE MAIDENS OF THE MIST.

(No. 19.) Air: "Sounds from the Ball."—*Gillet.*  
*(Transposed into the key of D.)*

The lonely Maidens of the Mist,  
Year in and out our threads we twist,  
And, moving o'er the meadow-side,  
Rose-leaves to blushes for the bride  
We twirl, or distaffs drop and weave  
Moonbeams to satin for her sleeve,  
Or scatter jewels as we sail  
Where the gossamer spider spins her veil.

*(As they pass, the FAIRIES muster into ranks again, having been frolicking in and out the place, and sing, the NIGHT-MOTH and the ROSE-sprite, at the right and left of the scene, marshaling them. As each fairy's name is called, he or she appears and does obeisance.)*

## THE FAIRY CHANGELING

FAIRIES (*In chorus*).

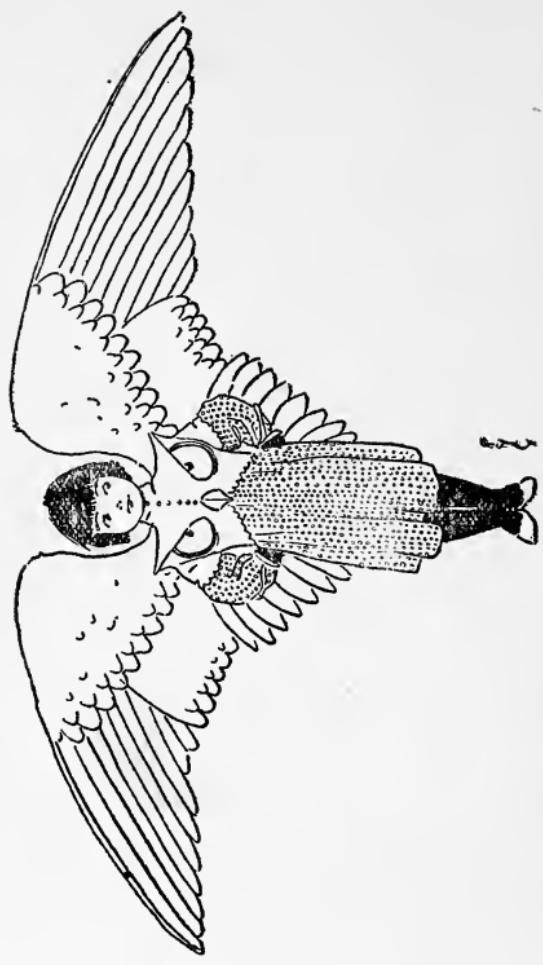
(No. 20.) Air: Duet of Phyllis and Strephon, "If we're weak enough to tarry."—*Iolanthe*, No. \* 10, Act. II. (Sixteen bars.)

Why the hours do we waste?  
Homeward, Fairies, homeward haste!  
Jack-o'-Lantern, lead the way;  
Cockscomb, follow quick, we pray!  
Come, Wake-Robin, play no pranks  
With the Monk's-Hood in our ranks;  
Marigold and Prince's-Feather,  
Fondly wander off together!

Quaker-Ladies, Mourning-Bride,  
Throw your modest mask aside;  
Give Snapdragon his adieu,  
For Sweet-William goes with you.  
Sweet-Peas, spread your wings for flight.  
Hurry! it is almost night!  
Come, dark Night-Moth, don't forget  
Darling Little Mignonette!



SWEET PEA



WHITE OWLET

## THE FAIRY CHANGELING

LITTLE Jo (*Catching LITTLE MIGNONETTE at last, sings*).

(No. 21.) Air: "The Mistletoe Bough," sung in quick time.

I've followed you far, and I've followed you long;

I've caught you at last—I will sing you my song.

For you're bright as a drop that the sun sparkles through,

And you're only an atom of sweet honey-dew!

BEES'-WINGS. Buzz!

WHITE OWLET. Tu-whoo!

FAIRIES (*In chorus, dancing with a long swing, first on one foot and then on the other, facing the front, and supporting the BROKEN DOLLS, who come staggering on and sing jerkily*).

## THE FAIRY CHANGELING

(No. 22.) Song of the Broken Dolls.

Oh, the lonely, long and lonely way to Fairy  
land, we've found it!

Dusty, musty cob-webs only, weary, dreary  
garrets bound it!

When our little mothers lost us, in the corn-  
ers where they tost us,

All our hearts were broken, and our heads  
were, too!

Oh, had they kissed us, had they missed us,  
'twould assist us in our travel!

Queerly, cheerly we would twist us as the  
curious paths unravel.

Fairy ways are hard and hollow when you  
have no nose to follow,—

One foot gone, and gone the eyes that were  
so blue.

# THE FAIRY CHANGELING

## SONG OF THE BROKEN DOLLS.

The musical score consists of six staves of music in common time with a key signature of one sharp. The melody is primarily composed of eighth notes and quarter notes. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below each staff. The lyrics are:

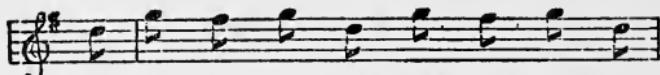
Oh, the lone - ly, long and lone-ly way  
to Fair - y - land, we 've found it!

Dust - y, must - y cob - webs on - ly,  
wea - ry, drear - y gar - rets bound it!

When our lit - tle moth - ers lost us,  
in the cor - ners where they tost us,

All our hearts were broken, and our heads were, too!

## THE FAIRY CHANGELING



Oh, had they kissed us, had they missed us,



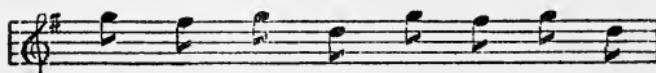
't would as - sist us in our trav - el!



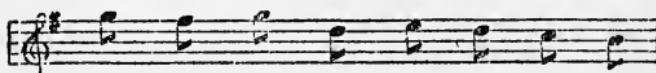
Queer - ly, cheer - ly we would twist us



as the cu - rious paths un - rav - el.



Fair - y ways are hard and hol - low



when you have no nose to - fol - low.—



One foot gone, and gone the eyes that were so blue.

*(As they withdrew, the LOST TOYS come limping on, singing.)*



WAKE-ROBIN



## THE FAIRY CHANGELING

(No. 23.) Air: "Virginia Reel."

When the days are quite canicular,  
And the sunshine perpendicular,  
If you are at all particular,  
Your should go to Fairyland.

There's moonlight there to tease you, and  
There's strawberry-ice to freeze you, and  
You think of what would please you, and  
It's yours, in Fairyland!

For no one cares a scrapple there  
With any task to grapple there;  
In your mouth the very apple there  
Drops, when in Fairyland.

You never need articulate  
A wish, but just gesticulate,  
When once you do matriculate  
Inside of Fairyland!

## THE FAIRY CHANGELING

(*They stagger off, and the music changes, and soon in the distance is heard “Annie Rooney.” LITTLE JO, who has been sitting, whispering to LITTLE MIGNONETTE, in the center of the scene, turns and listens, presently hums, and at the right point sings.*)

LITTLE JO.

(N. 24.) Air: The chorus of “Annie Rooney.”

She’s my airy, fairy, oh,  
She’s my darling, I’m her Jo;  
Soon we’ll vanish, won’t we, pet?  
Little—little—

(*Speaks*)

Little—

(*Looks about wonderingly, and exclaims*)  
Dear me! that sounds familiar;  
I’ve heard that strain before —  
In some other star, perhaps,  
On some other shore.



MARIGOLD



## THE FAIRY CHANGELING

It seems to me that really—

(*With recognition.*)

Oh, they play it on the square,  
They play it in the parlor,  
They play it everywhere!

(*LITTLE MIGNONETTE turns entirely round, still sitting, and stares amazed at him.*)

But whatever has become of me?

(*With surprise.*)

They've changed me! I've got wings!  
(*With fear.*)

What in the world these waggles are—  
(*With anger.*)

There they go, the horrid things!  
(*Tears off his antennae.*)

(*LITTLE MIGNONETTE makes off in terror.*)

I *can't* be some one else, you know—

(*Bewildered.*)

## THE FAIRY CHANGELING

I've dreamed some dream or other—  
Why—don't you see—I'm all outdoors—  
*(With alarm.)*  
Oh, I want to see my mother!

*(The FAIRIES, who have been in the background, moving about restlessly, and then creeping forward, now sing mockingly.)*

FAIRIES (*in chorus*).  
(No. 25.) Air: Same as No. 7.

Ha, ha, ha, some dream or other!  
Oh, he wants to see his mother!

LITTLE Jo (*Crying loudly and beseechingly*).  
Oh, you voices! Oh, you people!  
Oh, how cruel is your joy!  
I don't want to be a fairy!

*(With exasperation.)*  
I would rather be a boy!

FAIRIES (*Angrily*).  
(No. 26.) Air: Same as No. 5.



F  
Y  
C.



JACK-O'-LANTERN

Q C Q  
G G G  
S S S

## THE FAIRY CHANGELING

He'll destroy all our joy—  
He would rather be a boy!

LITTLE JO.

Mother, help me! Help me, Honour!  
What in the world am I to do?  
Oh, you know I love you so—  
Come unfairy me! Boohoo!

FAIRIES (*Wringing their hands*).

(No. 27.) Air: Same as No. 7.

What in the world are we to do?  
We *can't* unfairy him! Boohoo!

BEES'-WINGS. Buzz!

WHITE OWLET. Tu-whoo!

(*Melancholy music in the distance.*)

CHORUS OF FAIRIES (*Dejectedly*).

(No. 28.) Air: “The Lorelei.”—*Friedrich Silcher*. (Repeat the first nine bars for the second stanza, and then continue for the third.)

We cannot stay where tears are;  
They melt us quite away  
Into the bubble's breaking wreath  
And the water-gleam's pale ray.

## THE FAIRY CHANGELING

Oh, call, oh, call our lady!  
Call with your weirdest rune,  
Call to the star-swale on the sea,  
And the halo round the moon.

(*All kneel, having softly surrounded LITTLE JO in a ring as they sang. A grown-up and beautiful figure, the FAIRY-LADY, appears, pauses, extends her arms a moment toward the imploring FAIRIES, and passes while they continue singing.*)

O Sovereign of the World of Dreams,  
Reverse the spell, and then  
Great Fairy, make this Changeling  
Only a boy again!

(*As they separate, on arising, LITTLE JO, in his nightgown, is seen lying asleep in the foreground. The NIGHT-MOTH comes stealing across the scene, singing as she moves.*)



QUAKER LADY



## THE FAIRY CHANGELING

NIGHT-MOTH.

(No. 29.) Air: "I can not tell what this love may be."—*Patience*. (Nine and a half bars).

Vanishing into the sunset bars,  
Sister of mystical wings and of stars,  
When twilight kindles a silver spark  
I must go—vanishing into the dark.

(*As she disappears, the ROSE-sprite enters from the other side droopingly, and passes, singing to the same air.*)

ROSE-SPRITE.

(No. 30.)

Soon I shall fail, I shall faint, I shall die,  
As the color fades from the evening sky;  
Life were too lovely ever to close  
If never, if never, one lost the rose.

FAIRIES' CHORUS (*Led by the ROSE-SPRITE and the NIGHT-MOTH, who reappear*).

(No. 31.) Air: Same as No. 15.

## THE FAIRY CHANGELING

Where the Will-o'-the-Wisp takes flight,  
And the Firefly skims with the Shooting-  
Star,  
Where the light of other days burns bright,  
And the yesterdays and to-morrows are,  
Where the Elfin Knight rides, always young,  
Over the fields where the wild oats grow,  
To the tune of the songs that never were  
sung,  
Into Fairyland we must go !  
Into Fairyland we must go !  
Into Fairyland, etc.

BEES'-WINGS. Buzz!

WHITE OWLET. Tu-whoo !

(*Exit FAIRIES.*)

HONOUR (*Running on, picking up LITTLE JO, speaks*).



HONOUR, THE MAID



MONK'S-HOOD

## THE FAIRY CHANGELING

Oh, Master Jo, I am that quaking!  
For when I found ye gone, me heart was  
breaking!  
Sure, it's the lad's own luck that Honour  
found ye  
Before the little fairy people bound ye!

LITTLE JO (*Half looking up, as if talking in his sleep, speaks.*)

I thought I saw them, Honour, didn't you?  
(*Exit in Honour's arms.*)

VOICE OF CHANTICLEER (*In the distance*).  
Cock-a-doodle-do!

(*Curtain.*)















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